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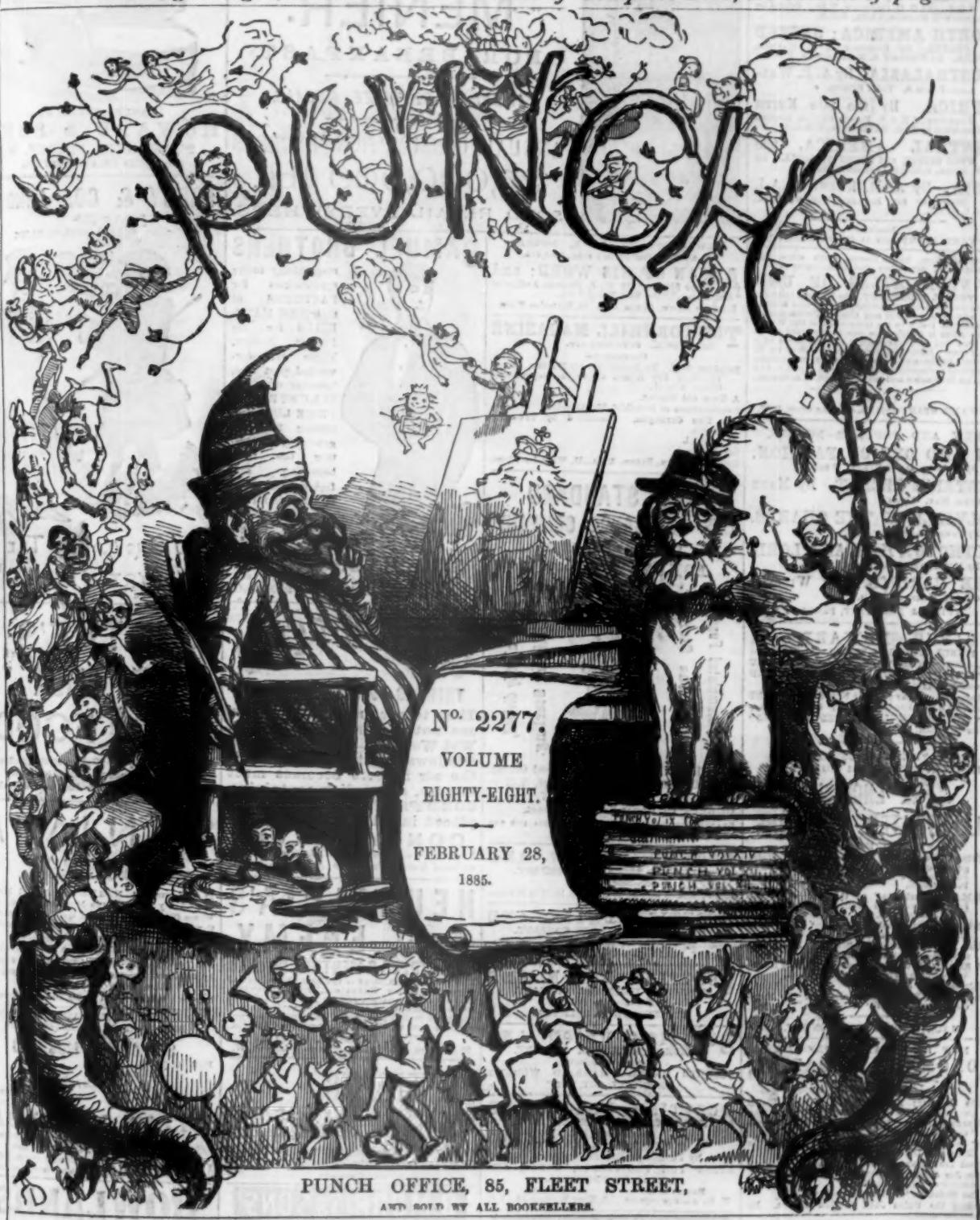

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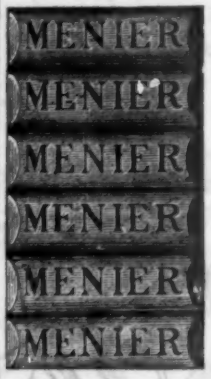

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WHITEWASH ME, AND I'LL WHITEWASH YOU.

(Rising Statesman readeth the Account of the Amicable Settlement of the Aston Affair, and soliloquiseth.)

HUMPH! Here's the end of many a laboured column!
Mere mutual whitewashing, after all!
A farce! And yet the farce is something solemn.
A fall, my JOE, a clown's well-buttered fall.
O Brummagem! Perhaps 'twas well to settle
The mischief bred of faith in LARRY MACK,
Kettle tells Pot, and Pot admits to Kettle
That neither finds the other *very* black.
And yet, though HOPKINS makes it up with DIXON
And each avows that neither is much hurt,
Still, after all, a certain remnant sticks on
The whitewashed saints that rather *looks* like dirt.
Whilst for *my* coat—perchance they could not save it
From showing the least speck or splash of dirt on.
If I again pin faith on affidavit
May I be—landed like poor WALTER KIRTON.
It does not suit, my JOE, to have a stain
Your shining rising reputation cast on.
I guess they will not bowl you out again
With such a "nasty one" as this of Aston.
To build a speech on "chuckers-out" 's not safe
However you may swear, and test, and rummage 'em,
I take that tip, however much I chafe
From Pot and Kettle's comedy at Brummagem.

The Unemployed.

Shakspeare, in Egypt—

——"Oh, that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
Who do no work to-day."

Henry the Fifth, Act IV. sc. 3.

THE BUTLERS OF GREAT MEN.

(Interviewed by Our Own Back-stairs Representative.)

No IV.—At Mr. James McNeil Whistler's.

"WELL, I never did—who would have thought to see you? Well I *am* surprised," were the words that greeted me as I arrived at the Chelsea residence of Mr. WHISTLER (kitchen entrance, of course).

"Yes, it's me," was my rather terse reply.

"Wait a bit," continued he, "the Boss is out, as usual, so I'll let you in the front door."

In half a minute more I was standing in the peculiarly coloured and particularly bare hall of the great Artist. Having somewhat recovered my surprise at seeing TOM STROPPING, whom I used formerly to know as a hairdresser's assistant in the Old Kent Road, I said, "What are you doing here?" TOM replied, "I'm Mr. WHISTLER's Butler." I could have fallen with astonishment into the hall seat, if there had been such an article of furniture present, but there wasn't.

"Then you have given up cutting, shaving, and barbering generally?" I asked.

"Oh, no. I have given it up publicly—not privately. I'm Mr. WHISTLER's Barber as well as his Butler. It's no *sinecure* appointment either. You would not believe it possible the trouble I have to prevent his white lock getting black and his black hair getting white."

"Oh! I quite believe you," I said sympathetically, and then asked, "Is the Butler's work hard?"

"Oh, dear no," was the answer, "that's the easiest part of the lot. You see—he never has any company. He drinks very little wine. He laid down a bottle of Gilbey the week before last, and it has not been opened yet. He has most of his meals out. He is a great favourite in Society, and is seldom here."

"But how is it he is not at work on such a beautiful bright sunshiny day as this? One would think an Artist would give a few years of his life for a day like this to paint by."

To my inquiry TOM burst into a loud fit of laughter. As soon as he could check himself, he said, "Bless you, he don't want bright lights, or north lights to get his peculiar effects?"

"Then what lights does he want?"

"Rush-lights," was the response. "He don't want 'em *still*, either. Many a time I have had to stand waggling to and fro a rush-light with a long wick in order to get movements of shadows on the wall. There 's no doubt he do get some very jumpy results too."

I mused awhile, as is my wont, and said to TOM STROPPING, "I'm sorry I never saw his greatest works."

TOM said, "My boy, better late than never."

I did not comprehend the application of the remark at all, and was ruminating whether I should say anything or not, when Mr. WHISTLER's Hairdresser and Butler said,

"Come and see them."

I was "flabbergasted," as a vulgar person would say. TOM said—"Don't be surprised. WHISTLER's *greatest* works have never left his studio, and are not likely to do so."

I was then escorted to the Studio—a charming place, elaborately decorated with one peacock feather fan, and two LIBERTY's Japanese plates. I saw several of the great Artist's most celebrated works. I said to TOM, "You must explain these to me. I regret to say I have not been educated up to them."

"Ah!" the Butler replied, "many people observe that. There is a mystery about them—and *I will solve the mystery to you.* But come and see the kitchen first." We proceeded to the kitchen, which was elaborately decorated in the same way as the studio, namely, one more fan (cheaper, of course, than the other) and two plates (ordinary) on the kitchen-dresser. There was also a pair of "white ducks" over the back of a chair in front of the fire. I was told that they were being aired, as the "Boss" meditated wearing them a little earlier this Spring than usual. It was getting rather late in the afternoon, and a continuation of double-knocks kept shaking up the front-door. I heard the distant voice of the Butler, after he left me, saying "Not at home" to the Dukes, Duchesses, Bishops, and Tax-Collectors, &c., who were paying fashionable calls. I thought it time to leave, so made my way to the area-steps.

"TOM," I said, "tell me the mystery about these pictures."

"Certainly, my boy," he replied, "Besides being Mr. WHISTLER's Butler and Hairdresser, I 'm his *Model* for everything. I sat for the '*Portrait of a Lady.*' I have sat for no end of Trunks of Trees under the title of '*Autumnal Consecutive Fifths.*' I sat for the '*Harmony in Green*' (a Manchester purchaser); I sat for the Crystal Palace Fireworks ('*Fugue in Smoke*'); and, lastly, but not leastly, I always sit for that butterfly-beetle signature in the corner of all his pictures."

I asked one more question—"Does he make much by these *pictures?*"

"No," replied TOM. "He relies entirely upon the sale of his very smart and clever Catalogues. He looks forward to a success from his "Ten o'Clocks"; and if they don't answer, he is going to try (so he tells me) a "Twenty-two o'Clock."

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM writes:—"At my seaside lodgings I couldn't get a wink of sleep, as there were some crumbs in the sheets, so that I might as well have been on the bed of Piecrusty's himself."

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Effie. "WHAT! IS *THAT* THE BEAUTIFUL MISS JONES? WHY, I ADMIRE *YOU* MORE THAN *HER*, MAMMA!" *Mamma.* "OH, MY DEAR!"
Effie. "I THINK SHE'S *PERFECTLY HIDEOUS!*"

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

A MATTER IN CAMERA.

I CONFESS I was not altogether surprised to receive at my Chambers an invitation from a firm of well-known West-End photographers to sit for my portrait as a "legal celebrity." Perhaps I should have been better pleased had the letter not been lithographed with the exception of the word "legal" (which had been filled in with a pen), as then I should have imagined that our forensic notabilities were not quite so numerous as the Circular seemed to suggest. "But," I argued to myself, "the eminent operators no doubt know their business better than I do. They are in touch, so to speak, with the Public pulse, and must catch the celebrity on the hop, or, as in my case, on his legs." I felt that they must have heard of a recent brilliant professional triumph (I had successfully moved for the appointment of a Receiver in the Probate Division of the High Court of Justice), and anxious to meet the immense demand that must, as a consequence, have been created for my portrait, had taken immediate steps to secure a sitting. Thinking that perhaps the Public might prefer to see me in the costume I wear when not engaged in wrestling with those deeply versed in the intricacies of the Division over which Sir JAMES HANNEN so admirably presides, I offered to appear in Mufti. But no, the eminent Firm (doubtless fully aware that the multitude prefer to see their heroes of the hour in uniform) begged of me to bring "my robes." Thus petitioned, I requested my clerk—to speak by the card, my fraction of a clerk—(I share his excellent and valuable services with others) to fetch my wig and gown from the neighbourhood of Carey Street, as I had need of them elsewhere. I rather think my fraction of a clerk was impressed, imagining that I had a brief in some distant part of the country, where I was not known.

At 11·30 A.M. I drove up with my goods and chattels (as Mr. PENLEY says in the *Private Secretary*), and mounted to the first-floor. Here I was courteously received by an attendant who, however, informed me that as the Artist was engaged with "someone else," I could go into another room "and get ready." Deprecating hurry for my sake (I felt that perhaps if the Artist knew I was waiting for him he might spoil, in his pardonable agitation, the negative he was then engaged in taking of either the LORD CHANCELLOR or the Master of the Rolls), I carried my blue bag into the apartment indicated. Here I divested myself of my hat and necktie, and assumed a wig, a pair of bands, and a gown.

Leaving my chimney-pot sharing a settee with a lady's bonnet and a sealskin cloak, I returned to the room I had just entered, and engaged in an animated conversation about the very considerable merits of the specimens of photography hanging from the walls with an agreeable female attendant. I fear that the fact that I was "robed" rather frightened my companion, who answered the questions I put in a tone that might have been adopted by a nervous witness anxious by conciliatory submission to end an unusually brutal line of cross-examination. It may be that feeling my wig resting on, not to say tickling my head, I was a little harsh when I asked whether such and such a group "was not an enlarged photograph?" and did they not "nowadays take portraits the full size of life?" That our conversation was mutually embarrassing was unquestionable, and therefore it was a relief when the attendant, having called through a tube that "the gentleman was quite ready, and hadn't much time to spare," begged me to go upstairs to the studio. I may remark that I was at first a little hurt (in my character of a "legal celebrity") at being simply called "the gentleman," but on consideration came to the conclusion that no doubt the anonymous description was intended to suit the views of constitutionally timid Queen's Counsel desirous of preserving as long as possible their *incognito*.

On entering the studio I was desired to wait an instant as the last negative was being taken of the sitter who had preceded me. Hearing this I assumed an air of deferential hauteur so as to meet the "subject" on his retirement (I suspected him to be the LORD CHANCELLOR) with appropriate dignity. My trouble was unnecessary, as the sitter turned out to be not the LORD CHANCELLOR, but a much younger lady, whose bonnet and cloak were no doubt those I had observed in the dressing-room on my arrival.

"Now," said the Artist, after seating me somewhat unsteadily on a chair, drawing up a curtain representing the interior of a palace, and screwing my wig firmly on to a frame, "I want you to look as you do when you are questioning a witness."

This was rather perplexing, as, to tell the truth, my work is chiefly what I may call Chamber practice. However, I put on a scowl of intense malignity, which seemed to me fairly suitable to the given situation.

"No, that will not do at all," exclaimed the Artist. He spoke with a slight accent. "Think of something pleasant."

I did. I thought that, in spite of my considerable Chamber practice, if I ever did have the opportunity of examining a witness, it would be most gratifying.

"Ah, that is better!" And he took off the cover of the camera, and "fixed" one of the broadest grins in which I had indulged for years.

"Thank you," he continued, "I think that very good. And now I want you to get into your ordinary attitude in Court—when you are addressing a Judge."

Smiling gently to myself, I assumed an air of winning candour combined with noble-minded prudence, and leant forward with easy grace—in fact, adopting the very attitude I had used in my celebrated Probate motion.

"Oh, no—not at all!" almost shouted the Artist. "You look as if you were frightened out of your life! Something bolder will be better."

I confess I was disappointed, as I imagined that the Public would have preferred to have seen their hero in his favourite, his only attitude. However, in deference to the suggestion that I should appear "bolder," I rested my left hand upon my hip, raised my right arm threateningly, and put on an expression that I think would have done either for "AJAX defying the Lightning," or "JACK SHEPPARD boldly conducting, at the end of his villanous career, his own defence."

"Capital!" exclaimed the Artist. "But I think you want a brief."

I thought so, too, but kept the reflection to myself.

"Have you a brief?" he asked.

This very direct question rather embarrassed me, and I was about to reply that I really could not say until I had consulted my clerk, when he added that he meant "with me."

"Oh no," I answered, quickly, and much relieved. "All my briefs are at my Chambers."

"Well, perhaps this will do." And he gave me a song.

I objected that, if I were taken with a ballad in my hand, it would savour of disrespect—that even the

OUR AFGHAN "BOUNDARY COMMISSION." JOHN BULL PUTS UP A NOTICE. (*See p.* 105.)

celebrated Mr. JAMES MOLLOY, Barrister-at-Law and Composer, had never sung to the Court—at least not in his robes.

"Ah, it is a pity," said the Artist, falling back, and taking in my attitude. "You look as if you wanted a brief."

I secretly agreed that I daresay I did. Then I suggested that, if I were given a few sheets of paper, and a piece of red tape, I might supply him with the article he required.

"What!" he joyfully exclaimed, "can you make a dummy brief?"

I smilingly admitted that I had made such a thing—when I first commenced practice. In a trice, AJAX and JACK SHEPPARD were supplied with a "dummy."

"Glorious!" cried the Artist, in an ecstasy of astonishment, and I was "taken" again.

With this *pose* my sitting terminated. In conclusion, I can only hope, for the sake of the great-souled, generous-hearted British Public, that my Portrait will be a good one. I should, indeed, be sorry, were our toiling millions to buy any other.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

To the Croakers.

NAY, shriek not and bellow, as though utter strangers
To perils and prophecies faced in the past!
Our England has lived through much dreadfuller dangers,
And will not die all of a Soudan at last!

PRINCE HASSAN has gone. We should be delighted to be able to reply, "Prince HASSAN hasn't."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday Night, February 19.—Parliament met to-day after Christmas recess. No fuss with Royal Commission or similar nonsense. Rules for admission of Members strictly carried out, but without hitch. Members, having given countersign at gate of Palace Yard, conducted across yard in couples, a policeman on

"Wake up, Sir!" Mr. Punch's Vote of Censure.

either hand. Arriving at Members' entrance, handed over to two other policemen, a third walking behind with loaded revolver in one hand, and a short but serviceable dirk in the other. Police gave up their charge on entering Cloak-Room. Each Member there separately searched in presence of HARCOURT. After this, and having signed, on oath, a declaration that he has no intention to blow up anything but the Government, is free of the House. Usual on leaving Cloak-Room, after being searched, to drop a sixpence, or the less obtrusive three-penny-bit, into box at door labelled "Contributions for Exploded Policemen's Fund."

Members say they like this little preliminary ceremony; but, fear when novelty wears off, it will lead to protest. Meanwhile, HARCOURT hugely pleased with success of first night's experiment.

"An immense amount of responsibility and trouble, TOBY," he said, mechanically dropping his hand into my watch-pocket, which the policeman had already searched. "But duty the first consideration. Lain awake night after night thinking this matter over. Arrived at conclusion that we were on the wrong track. Hunting about after Irish-Americans, watching ports, and the like, all nonsense. Thing is, keep your eye upon Members of the House and Reporters in the Gallery. Unexpected move, eh? So are those of all great Generals. Reporters turn rusty, and get rules abrogated before they're tried. But that only leaves me more time to look after Members."

House naturally fills slowly. Process of thorough examination can't be carried out in five minutes. But Members came in in steady stream, and by half-past four the House was full. Only Strangers' Gallery empty, save for half-a-dozen frightened individuals.

"Yes," said HARCOURT, looking up with a pleased smile when I mentioned this; "we've succeeded there, at any rate. What business Public want to know what's going on in Parliament either through the Papers or Strangers' Gallery? *I'm* at the Home Office. Let that suffice."

Everything went off quietly. No fireworks or pistol-shots. NORTHCOTE loudly cheered on rising to give notice of Vote of Censure. Everyone glad to hear the dear old LORD MAYOR in good heart and voice. Always stood by NORTHCOTE, and now cheers uproariously when Sir STAFFORD, a little timidly, read his Resolution. Not so much cheering when NORTHCOTE sits down. Got his Resolution all in single sentence. People trying to gather what it means, so forgot to cheer.

GLADSTONE in menacingly mild mood. Hopes he doesn't intrude when he rises to offer few observations. Will not introduce any controversial matter. WARTON cries, "Oh! oh!" and a look of pained surprise softens the lines in the face of the Good Old Man. TOMLINSON jeers. He looks at him sadly. "*Et tu Brute!*" Nothing shall draw him into retort, nor the use of bad language. If anyone wants to pull his hair, or tweak his nose, or put his pocket-handkerchief up the spout, now's their time. Such an exhibition of meekness and humility never before seen.

"Butter wouldn't melt in his mouth to-night," says GEORGE HAMILTON.

"May be," says GIBSON, shrewdly watching the Mild Old Man. "But I don't like the look of this. He's evidently preparing a rouser when he comes to speak on the actual debate. 'Twas always thus as a preliminary to passionate outburst."

Business done.—Notice of Vote of Censure.

Friday Night.—JOSEPH GILLIS moves softly about decently dressed in black. JOSEPH is like the Ministry. A Vote of Censure is hanging over his devoted head, and JOEY B., like W. E. G., affects a subdued air. But there's a twinkle in his eye, and a twitching about the corners of his mouth that is a little suspicious.

"What are ye smiling at, ye young dog?" says O'SHEA playfully, prodding him in the ribs.

"Well, O'SHAY, between you and me, the fack is I thought the shot had missed fire. I took some trouble to insult SPENCER. But it was at a small meetin' in a little village. It happened six weeks ago, and no notice was taken in the papers. I was that mad with rage you wouldn't have known me. Imagine me joy when I heard CHARLES LEWIS last night giving notice to call attention to the speech, and reading out the very words so that they'd go through every Newspaper in the kingdom! The worst of it is people's sayin' LEWIS and me's in league, and that I promised him something to do this."

Fusillade of questions at Half-past Four. TYLER suddenly wakes up, and takes under his charge Afghanistan, the route between

Mr. McIver makes everything clear. *Voilà Tout.*

Berber and Khartoum, communications between the Red Sea and the Nile, not to mention the terms of the Vote of Censure. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT begins to grow uneasy. Never expected this of TYLER.

On Motion to go into Committee, Windbag SEXTON turns up. Members flee in affright. Makes no difference to Windbag, which discharges itself in an hour and ten minutes, and at Half-past Ten work begins.

Business done.—Some Votes in Supplementary Estimates.

Responsibility.

WHO sends Prince HASSAN?	Who sends Prince HASSAN?
"Not I," says GLADSTONE,	"I," says the KHEDIVE,
"The KHEDIVE alone,	"*If* you choose to believe
And *he* sent Prince HASSAN."	'Twas I sent Prince HASSAN."

SHUT UP!—We learn from the *Sussex Daily News* that Dr. HORACE TESTER has just been awarded the prize for a paper delivered before the Students' Society of the London Dental Hospital. The subject of the paper is "Closure of the Jaws." Let us trust this paper will be reprinted. If widely circulated in the House of Commons, it would surely prove to be invaluable.

VERBECKSTRORDINARY.

WE love a Conjuror, but dread a Mesmerist. Something delightful about a Conjuror, something uncanny about a Mesmerist. M. VERBECK is a first-rate Professor of Legerdemain, and his prestidigitation (beautiful word!) belongs to the palmiest days of his art. One of his best tricks is the diminishing pack of cards. How delightful it must be to be able to do this with tradesmen's "little accounts."

Mephistopheles and Marguerite at the Prince's Hall.

Most people would, we feel sure, rather not see the second part of the entertainment, when, like a *Mephistopheles*, he stands in a theatrical attitude before Mlle. DE MARGUERITE—of course she is evidently *Marguerite*, in the absence of *Faust*,—and sends her off into a mesmeric swoon. In appearance, Mlle. MARGUERITE (this must be the name) resembles one of the numerous photographs of MRS. LANGTRY, though which it is we cannot exactly call to mind. When the temporary representative of the Jersey Lily,—who is Lady-Teazling at the Prince's, and therefore, except by magic, cannot be at the Prince's Hall at the same time,—is rendered sufficiently cataleptic, M. VERBECK sticks a pin in her arm and makes her throw herself into all sorts of difficult attitudes. We remember having seen Schoolboys, not cataleptic, do much the same thing, until after the Master had caught them attempting to stick pins into *him* without having previously secured him in a mesmeric trance, and then *he* became rigid, and they writhed in all sorts of extraordinary attitudes for an hour afterwards.

Nothing of this mesmeric business is particularly new, and if M. VERBECK will take our advice, he will make the whole entertainment consist of conjuring. He has plenty of humour, and as he only speaks French, the requisite lightness is given to the Show by the Interpreter, who is, quite unintentionally, a very comic man. The audience might have understood M. VERBECK'S French "patter" fairly enough, if the interpreter had only given them a chance; but he wouldn't. The old-fashioned travelling Conjurors knew the secret of making an entertainment popular when they never went about without a Jack-pudding. That Interpreter was there to distract our attention. Very clever this.

Just a few sensational tricks for the second part, and a laughable experiment or two on the Interpreter, which would send everyone away in high good humour, and M. VERBECK'S success would be assured at the Prince's Hall.

MR. WHISTLER'S TEN-AND-SIXPENNY O'CLOCK.

OUR JEMMY'S Ten o'Clock promises to go like one o'clock. The style of his One Hour's Sermon is something between a *Touchstone* and an inspired Prophet, or, at all events, of a well-versed Scripture-Reader. He is never for one moment a "Dismal JEMMY." He certainly "scored" at the Prince's Hall, and, as Mr. WHISTLER hates being indebted to anyone, he paid off several old scores at the same time. A certain proportion of the crowded audience had evidently come in the expectation of seeing the MCNEIL stand upon his head, but they were disappointed; the historic white lock remained uppermost, and JAMES, firmly planted on his feet, delivered many well-aimed thrusts with the keen rapier of epigrammatic satire.

The Lecturer had his MCNEIL fling,—a well-executed *pas seul*,—at the Amateur and the Critics, and finally came down heavily, that is by comparison, on the Æsthetes, who, we should have thought, were, by this time, hardly worth the trouble of setting on their feeble legs merely for the fun of knocking them down again. In this Lecturing Mr. JAMES WHISTLER is "Real JAMES" and not The Pretender. His theories on Art and Nature may be debateable, but his power of epigram is undoubted.

WIRE FROM VICTORIA THE COLONY TO VICTORIA THE QUEEN—"My Service to you, Ma'am!"

NOT "THE TIMID HARE."

IN a plain straightforward speech Mr. HARE, as Chairman of the Dramatic Fund Dinner, gave a very smart rap o' the knuckles to those of his craft who are always seizing on any occasion for parading their exceptional liberality towards any of their professional brethren in distress. "I must say," protested the candid Chairman, "that I am astonished to find that a Society which offers such advantages to its Members should be so very poorly supported." Then he went in to hit the right nail on the head, and that with a powerful thud. "It doubly needs your support," pleaded the Chairman, "in that it (the Dramatic Fund) is quiet and unostentatious, and, I may say, to some extent unfashionable"—excellently put Mr. HARE—"in a word it is sadly in need of funds, and on the principle of that to 'him that hath shall be given'" (the Chairman became a trifle mixed here, but the intention was good) "the way of the world is too often to give not so much where help is most needed, as to that charity which is most successful,"—in fact where there can be some trumpet sounded before the almsgiver. We sincerely hope that the immediate results were most satisfactory, and that these vigorous observations will stir up those who have given and prated of it, to give as much again and to hold their tongues, and those who have given in secret to increase their donations. Mr. HARE'S tag about the "greatest of all earthly virtues" being "charity," which he evidently thought was a correct application of a much misunderstood scriptural text to this particular occasion, was not so happily conceived as the earlier part of his oratorical effort, for which, as an example of plain out-speaking, he deserves the praise of all who are enemies of cant and snobbishness.

THE BRITISH NAVY.

TUNE—"*The Bay of Biscay.*"

Ta-Ta!

TIME was, with broadside's thunder,
When once this Isle of ours
On every sea kept under
The whole world's Ocean Powers.
We many a gallant barque
Maintained above their mark;
Therefore they
All gave way
To the British Navy, O!

But now deep slumber's pillow
My Lords, the truth to speak,
Have pressed, till on the billow
They've let the strong wax weak.

The shade of threatening clouds
JOHN BULL'S horizon shrouds;
Hear him say,
"Why, what, eh!
Where's the British Navy, O?"

At last a distant morrow
Looms through the hazy sky,
We mayn't quite come to sorrow
Meanwhile, ere by-and-by,
Deferring to renew,
Our fleets by far too few,
As we may,
Any day,
Find the British Navy, O!

In five years hence, however,
With present France, content,
To cope we may endeavour,
Three millions only spent;
Security appears
In sight, for which three cheers!
Shout Hooray!
Let us pay
For the British Navy, O!

"I'll Strike you with a Feather."

THIS song of "the great MACDERMOTT" must have inspired Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE when he rose to give notice of his party's Vote of Censure on the present Government. Anything more mild and feeble was probably never heard on such a serious occasion in the Commons House of Parliament. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S name ought to be changed to SOUTHCOTE—or, more properly, to DOVECOTE. He is too gentle.

A Correspondent sends us this, from the *Irish Times*, Monday, 9th inst.:—

"The last eleven nights date from to-night of the very successful Pantomime of *Jack and the Beanstalk*. The last morning performance—it is well to note—will be on Saturday night, the 14th inst."

Such an Irish Diamond as this is worth the setting.

SUNDAY SCHOOLING.

Teacher. "WHAT DOES ONE MEAN BY 'HEAPING COALS OF FIRE ON SOMEONE'S HEAD,' NOW, HARRY HAWKINS?"
Harry Hawkins. "GIVIN' IT 'IM 'OT, TEACHER!"

"MY BOYS!"

(A Carol for Our Colonies.)

AIR—"*My Queen.*"

Leo Britannicus loquitur:—

WHEN and how I may have to meet them,'
My banded foes, in a mighty fray,
Where I shall have to face—and beat—them,
I know not, but 'twill come some day.
And what care I whilst I see around me,
Mustering up with a manful noise,
The lads who in love-links fresh have bound me,
These whom I look on, my Boys, my Boys!

Long I have dreamt of them, growing greatly,
The lads I love, getting big and bright;
And the way they have shot up and strengthened lately
Must fill a father with fond delight.
And we all are proud, from our Royal Lady
To the humblest hind who the sight enjoys,
To see them, loyal, alert, and ready
To do their *devoir*, my Boys, my Boys!

Croakers chilly and melancholy
Prophesy ills to the Isle I love,
But genuine Britons, high-born or lowly,
Have pluck such a puling spirit above.
And I'll trust my home to their stalwart keeping,
But, upon my honour, it swells my joys,
And sets my blood through my veins swift leaping,
To see *you* coming, my Boys, my Boys!

Look at them, look at them gaily trooping
Up to the Standard, the old, old flag!
Slips of the stock there is no up-cooping,
Talking the tongue that no tyrants gag.
Like young lions, to help the old one,
Swift of footfall, and firm of poise,
By Jove, that foeman will be a bold one
Who'll face us banded, my Boys, my Boys!

They fancy, do they? Old England's slighters,
My claws are cut, and my eyes are dim,
That he aforetime the first of fighters,
Is slow of spirit and slack of limb?
Well, well, they maybe will find their error,
And needless roaring is empty noise;
But they'll hardly strike me with abject terror
When I see you round me, my Boys, my Boys!

Who was it said I was fond of snubbing
The stalwart slips that should be my pride?
Duffers! The war-drums rub-a-dubbing
Soon finds us ranged on the self-same side.
Here's their answer! Such Volunteering
As this should shame them. My heart it joys
To see your muster, to hear your cheering.
Best thanks, and bless you, my Boys, my Boys!
I'd trust my honour to your stout keeping,
I'd—well, on manhood gush quickly cloys;
But chill in my heart must the blood go creeping
Ere I cease to love you, my Boys, my Boys!

TAKING THE LAW ON THE MAHDI.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—Sir,—In the report of the departure of the Coldstreams, I see that they were accompanied by "two warrant officers." I am an ignoramus in these matters, but I suppose that these two officials represent the civil power, and hold the necessary warrant for the arrest of the MAHDI as a False Prophet. Being a man of peace, I am delighted at the prospect of so simple a solution, and hope to hear of him before long up at Bow Street before Sir JAMES INGHAM, and the case headed "Another Raid on Betting Men! Capture of the False Prophet!"—Yours truly, MCFUDDLE.

"MY BOYS!"

HUNTING PUZZLE.

WHAT 'S HE TO DO?

A BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

John Bull loquitur:—

HERE stands a Post! My Muscovite,
You *may* be quite straightforward,
But I'll be dashed if you're polite—
I'll keep an eye to nor'ward.
I don't quite *know* what you'd be at,
But I've a glimmering notion,
And—may I say it—smell *Herat*.
I'll take a tip from GOSCHEN.
I'm here, you know, to serve your turn,
But you seem hard of pleasing,
Well, I, of course, have not to learn
That Bears are good at "squeezing."
A friendly hug? Oh that, of course,
But then you Bears *do* hug hard,
And your "delimitation" force
Appears to play the sluggard.
Mine has been ready a full year,
And, though not bent on wrangling,
I'd ask how long you'd keep me here
Upon your pleasure dangling?
Well, one can fix a boundary
As clearly as a host, Sir.
I'm tired—have other fish to fry,
And so—here stands a Post, Sir!

LEGISLATION FOR BABIES.

THE Isle of Man should be known henceforth as the Isle of Mannikins. Its leading citizens—a Judge, the Speaker of the House of Keys, the Governor's Secretary, a High Bailiff, and several barristers—have been convicted of the fearful crime of sitting five minutes too long in a licensed building over a dinner-table, and have each been fined the price of a box of lollipops. A few weeks ago a number of gentlemen were dragged into the charming atmosphere of a London Police Court for the crime of drinking a glass of champagne at twenty-five minutes to one on the morning of New Year's Day in a London Restaurant. If these Mannikins had been concocting a murder, or the party of hunted London taxpayers had been active members of the Dynamite Gang, the chances are that the Police and the Authorities would never have known of their existence. When hundreds of "intelligent officers" are wasted in the task of watching drinking-shops and eating-houses, we can hardly wonder at the freedom enjoyed by Cut-throats and Destructives.

FROM OUR OWN NOBLE SPORTSMAN.

YES, Sir, you never more conclusively realised the want of the day, than when you said to me—

"In these hard times, what the young men of the period require, Mr. SPOTTEM, is a good reliable prophet."

"Sir," said I, "you have hit it; and if ever you got hold of the round peg for the round hole, you've got it now, which my terms is twenty-five shillings up to Epsom, and gratuities at discretion."

It's the dull season now, Sir, but when the game begins again, I'm the man to see your clients through a cheering and lucrative season. Why, you've benefited by the notes of the "Mouse in the Manger," also those of the "Cat in the Cornbin" often, don't deny it—you know you have. Those were me. I, Sir, was the Mouse; I, Sir, was the Cat. Now I'm TIPPOO SAHIB, the Dark 'Un! It's dull, and the weather simply beastly—

> "I would I were as I have been
> In the Stewards' Stand at Ascot Green,
> Sweeping my glass down the T. Y. C.,
> For that is the life that is meet for me."

As a would-be sporting bard sang in your columns long since. He wasn't much in it. "*Sweeping your Glass down.*" I flatter myself I understand that as well as any man in England, but why he introduced T. Y. C., by which I presume he means Thames Yacht Club, into a racing lyric, can only be explained by his being rather beaten off for a rhyme—otherwise it's a *paradox*. There I go, you see, I'm so full of information that I keep bubbling over, and allow valuable stable secrets to escape me in my *meltin* moments. There I am again. Why, there's two hints for any man who knows "a hawk from a hand-saw," which *Hamlet* didn't, nor I think The Leviathan WILLIAMS when he wrote that line. He understood "sweeping his glass," did Leviathan WILLIAMS.

You see I appreciate SHAKSPEARE by calling him "The Leviathan." Did it ever strike you, Sir, before, to what race the original Leviathan belonged? If there were a Levi in my name, I should consider myself own brother to Sir MOSES. I think the "n" was left out of Leviathan; it should have been Levi-Nathan. Deep sea-fish that!

Now, Sir, to get out of the Mosaics, and back to horse-racing. I hope your readers will understand it's five-and-twenty shillings up to Epsom. Extra for that meeting, because that sets 'em up for the season.

Yours respectfully,
ROBERT SPOTTEM (professionally, "TIPPOO SAHIB," the Dark 'Un).

P.S.—Perhaps you wouldn't mind enclosing some of my circulars in your invaluable paper.*

* Of course we don't mean to comply with this modest request, but, if put to it, we'd rather do this than accept any of TIPPOO'S "invaluable paper."—ED.

MR. PIPS IN THE GALLERY.

A Diary of Two Parliaments, by HENRY LUCY, is a Diary well worth keeping. For sustained interest a modern novel isn't on the same bookshelf with it. It is "not too dramatic, but just dramatic enough," as Mr. LIONEL BROUGH is perpetually saying in *The Babes;* and though at the very commencement, on meeting with the old familiar names of DISRAELI, ROBERT LOWE, and KNATCHBULL-HUGUESSEN, we are perfectly well aware that they will respectively turn out to be the Earl of BEACONSFIELD, Lord SHERBROOKE, and Lord BRAYBROOKE, yet their sayings and doings are as fresh as ever, and the *dénoûment* comes upon the most *blasé* reader with all the effect of an artistically-arranged surprise.

So for the account of the mighty quarrel between Messrs. VERNON HARCOURT and GLADSTONE, when the Pipsian Diarist in the Gallery thought that these two could never speak to one another amicably again, which only whets our curiosity to know how they subsequently determined to "kiss and be friends," and united in one Cabinet to live happily ever afterwards. Such episodes as these, related in the pleasantest possible manner,—though, by the way, the Members immortalised as "stupid" and "failures" will not take the same view of Mr. LUCY'S book as we do,—make us regret that all historical diaries are not as clear, that is as Lucy'd, as this.

"BACKSLIDING."

The Minister (reproachfully). "AH, JAMES! I'M SORRY TO SEE THIS! I THOUGHT YOU WERE A STEADFAST TEETOTALLER!"

James. "SHO I AM, SIR. BUT I'M NO A BIGOTED ANE!"

LETTING THEM IN.

A CONTEMPORARY, in the course of a recent notice of Mr. J. H. INGRAM'S new and entertaining Volume on the subject of the "Haunted Houses" of Great Britain, having expressed its conviction that, owing to the prevailing taste for mysticism, this formerly ineligible class of property was now positively coming to be sought for and in much request, the *Society for Psychical Research* has, as might have been anticipated, lost no time in meeting a public demand in a congenial spirit, and have at once opened a temporary Agency at their central offices. Subjoined is a specimen of their Preliminary "List" for the ensuing month.

MESSRS. EDMUND GURNEY & CO., HAUNTED HOUSE and ESTATE AGENTS, respectfully beg to offer to the notice of their various Clients the following desirable Properties, selected from many others at present standing on their books for disposal.

GLAMORGANSHIRE (in the very worst part of), seventeen miles and a half from a station, delightfully situated, overlooking an ancient graveyard, and within two minutes' walk of a subterranean passage of the adjacent ruined church crypt, a thoroughly first-class crumbling old-fashioned English Mansion, in excellent mysterious condition, and furnished with every modern psychical convenience. Contains several handsomely proportioned reception-rooms, all, owing to spiritual manifestations, perfectly intolerable after dusk, a picture-gallery, in which the famous "black hound" of the POYNINGS, the original holders of the estate, appears on the eve and morrow of great dinner parties, or the approach of any grave disaster to the local postmaster, and twenty-five sleeping apartments, in all of which, due to the continued noise as of a large iron beer-barrel filled with bricks, rolling from midnight till half-past five A.M. all over the floors and ceilings, any approach to rest is found to be practically impossible. The House is at present let, but the remainder of the lease would be parted with on the spot for a nominal premium, and immediate possession given in consequence of the desire of the present occupiers to pass the summer months in a lunatic asylum. Drainage perfect. (17,341.)

GALLOWSHURST. — This unique, charming, and agreeably HAUNTED LITTLE HUNTING BOX to be disposed of quickly, by private arrangement. Nine rooms, stabling, capital water supply, and every convenience. Thirteen Packs, five Spectral, meet in immediate neighbourhood. Handsome carved oak staircase (reign of JAMES THE FIRST), down which, from the top to the bottom (eight flights) a Warrior, in full chain armour, is heard to roll heavily, head-over-heels, at midnight, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, finally disappearing with a series of loud unearthly wails in the wine-cellar. A Tenant with several rich, but nervous relatives, from whom he has expectations, or one desirous of good-humouredly enlivening the country visits of his friends, would find this an eligible investment. Doctor within eighty-five minutes. Price of Freehold, £25. (19,310.)

A CHARMING BIJOU VILLA RESIDENCE, most tastefully decorated and haunted throughout, TO BE LET immediately. Newest style of Queen Anne furniture, with exquisitely finished Library and Boudoir to match, in which precisely at a quarter to nine every evening, a little man in the dress of the last century, wearing a blue velvet coat and bag-wig, and with a troubled expression of countenance, holding his head under his arm, appears, and says, in a melancholy voice, "*I wish I hadn't forgot it,*" and then seems to disappear up the chimney. Further particulars on application. (20,191).

CYPRESS HO! BRIXTON RISE.—This comfortably-appointed and well-constructed Family residence to be Let on Lease. Fifteen rooms. Stabling if required. The Premises present unusual psychical advantages to a Tenant in any pecuniary embarrassment, there being the Spectre of a Female in White, holding a murdered child in one hand and two carving-knives in the other, permanently standing on the mat in the middle of the entrance-hall. The Spectre is so visible, that no Tradesman making application for his account, and purposely admitted, has ever been known either to smile or call again. References can be had from the Local Clergyman, and several highly respectable people living in the immediate neighbourhood, who have been repeatedly frightened into fits. Large Kitchen Garden, well stocked with evil spirits. The entire Premises to be had a bargain, with or without possession. Good opportunity for newly-married couple of position wishing to economise. Ghost and fixtures might be taken at a valuation. (22,134.)

BOGEY PARK MANSIONS. — Portions of these elegantly-fitted modern residences to be let out in any quantity to flats on application. As they have been constructed on scientific psychical principles, more especially to meet the necessities of medium-sized families, they have been roofed with self-writing slates, provided with automatic rapping doors, and telopathic communication with the principal theosophic centres, and placed under the charge of a floating hall-porter entirely independent of the laws of Matter. An Elevator and Depressor on the premises. For Prospectus and terms apply to the Manager. (24,191.)

PORTLAND PLACE, W.—One of the largest of these famous and fashionable town houses to be let furnished for the coming season. It comprises the usual reception and bed rooms, including an excellently-haunted guest-chamber, the occupant of which *having once entered it to dress for dinner is never seen or heard of again.* A County M.P. who is expected to show some civility to a numerous following of influential but cantankerous Constituents, would find the above a highly-desirable residence for his purpose during the progress of the Parliamentary Session. If taken for more than one night, terms moderate. (13,044.)

MIDNIGHT GRANGE.—This snug and charming little thirteen-roomed Country Residence TO BE LET, with immediate possession. No occasion to burn gas or candles, the entire residence being illuminated after dark by the flitting spectres of a Quaker, three men in cloaks, a headless woman on horseback followed by an Alderman, who move continually from room to room, uttering loud yells from dusk to daybreak. Would offer advantages as a Private Deaf and Dumb Asylum, or might be turned to excellent account by an invalid and aged couple anxious to enjoy the experience of a little genuine romance and excitement at a comparatively trifling cost. Application to view to be made between the hours of one and two A.M. on the premises. Key with the Ghost. (29,139.)

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 2.

OLD MASTERS' EXHIBITION. VISIT OF YOUNG MASTERS.

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS," &c.

THAT not particularly learned body which rejoices in the name of the Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London, held a Special Meeting at the Guildhall last week, to discuss the terribly extravagant conduct of the London School Board in adding one penny in the pound to the amount of the rate to be levied in the wealthy City of London for the ensuing year. Much burning eloquence, of the peculiar City type, was used on the occasion, and a statement by one highly excited member that there were no less than 313 Board Schools in the Metropolis in which the great work of education was being successfully carried on, and that the cry was still for more, was received with as terrible a groan of horror as if it had been announced, on authority, that there were to be no more "Cakes and Ale" for the Sewage Commissioners.

In vain was it stated by those who, apparently, love light rather than darkness, that whereas the population of London some ten or twenty years ago was one of the most ignorant of any capital of Europe, it was now, thanks to the School Board, assuming its proper place in this respect, by giving all its children a good education, they were met by a shout of derision by an angry Commissioner, who demanded to know "why they didn't try to teach a cow to win the Derby," which brilliant interrogation elicited great applause.

In vain did one member, who spoke with authority, ridicule the idea of printing the receipts for this particular rate in letters of red, by suggesting, in tones of blighting sarcasm, that they had better "print them with a pen of iron on the adamantine tablets of the universe."

In vain was it suggested that this sudden affectation of sympathy with the poor Rate Payer, for having to pay this additional penny for education, was but a blind to screen their own increased rate of double the amount, for a purpose of not one-tenth the importance, and that it was scarcely creditable to the representatives of the wealthiest constituency in the world, to grumble at a rate that was borne ungrudgingly and uncomplainingly by the poor Rate Payers of Bermondsey and Bethnal Green, the Sewage Commissioners listened with impatience, reserving their enthusiastic approbation for the very demonstrative gentleman who addressed them after their own heart; and in language that all could understand and thoroughly sympathise with. He was quite willing, generous soul, that the poor children should have bread, but what he objected to was rump-steaks! and he concluded his brilliant oration with the following magnificent peroration:—"Everybody should have his meal, but he must have a stomach of the highest class before they could give him turtle soup and port wine!"

Who but a member of the City Corporation could have contrived, when discussing the question of the education of the Poor, to have brought in those two gods of his idolatry, turtle soup and port wine! And in combination, too! Oh, ROBERT, ROBERT, Prince of Waiters! how must thy very soul shudder to read it, and that the awful thought was conceived, too, by one of that body whom you so constantly hold up to public admiration, and public imitation, as the greatest living authority upon that most important of all important subjects—the Art of Dining.

GOVERNMENT POLICY IN EGYPT.—"False Prophet and quick returns."

FEMALE "TRAVELLERS."

(From the German.)

I KNOW a Maiden with a bag,
Take care!
She carries samples in a drag,
Beware! beware!
O Draper fond,
She is fooling thee!

She has the true "Commercial" style,
Take care!
To which she addeth woman's guile,
Beware! beware!
O Grocer goose,
She is plucking thee!

And she has quite a flood of talk,
Take care!
She sells as cheese what's only chalk,
Beware! beware!
O Dealer daft,
She's deceiving thee!

Her eyes are really wondrous black,
Take care!
They make a shiver run down your back,
Beware! beware!
O Shopman soft,
She is ogling thee!

She sells you a silk of "perfect wear,"
Take care!
At it your customers will swear,
Beware! beware!
Trust her not,
This Travelling She!

MUCH ADO.

À PROPOS of the Theatrical Dovecot fluttered by the article in last month's *Fortnightly*, the Editor of *The Theatre* has correctly pointed out that the author of that article did not originate the excitement, but that it was commenced by what we at the time called the "Kendal-light" thrown on the Stage by the unlucky Brummagem discourse. To adapt the opening sentence of CHARLES DICKENS's *Cricket on the Hearth*, we may substitute "Kendal" for "Kettle," and say "Kendal began it,"—not "Mister," but "Missis."

The fact is, there ought to be no more necessity for showing that the Stage is not a profession on the same level with the recognised professions, than there is to demonstrate that two and two make four. The occasion only arises when some ambitious individual claims for two and two a result beyond the limit assigned to those quantities by an inexorable arithmetic.

Every article that we have seen intended as an answer to "Behind the Scenes," in the *Fortnightly* for January, has gone wide of the mark, and has generally "answered" something that the article never stated. Of course it is evident that, constituted as society is, the "profession" of any art, or of journalism, cannot be on an equality with the recognised professions. Were the nobility to invade the Stage, did Dukes take to "utility," if Duchesses became "leading Ladies," and Countesses "singing chambermaids," the question of social position would not be in the least affected, and the Stage would be no more on a level with the recognised Professions, on account of the rank of its individual members, than it is now on the score of the exemplary blamelessness of the Actors' private lives, or of their wealth, or of their perfect courtesy, or of their large-heartedness and unostentatious generosity.

When it was announced that Prince EDWARD of WALES was to be made a Bencher of the Middle Temple, the *Times* congratulated His Royal Highness on associating himself with the Legal Profession, "so indispensable to mankind, and so great in itself," and showed how justly proud England, for hundreds of years, has been of her Bar, and how gratified the young Prince might well feel on becoming a member of so distinguished a Body. Now, if the hypothesis could be granted that the Stage is on an equality with the Bar, then we might hear of one of the youthful Princes announcing his intention of becoming an Actor, and of entering himself as a Member of one of the principal London Theatrical Companies; and further, the *Times*, as representing the popular voice, would congratulate his Royal Highness, on "associating himself with the Histrionic Profession, of which England has for centuries been so justly proud," and so forth. *Quod est absurdum.* Why should histrionic apologists rage, on being brought face to face with facts which the sensible ones of "the profession" are perfectly willing to admit?

By the way, the Stage can boast of one Emperor who went on the boards, and was eminently successful as an Actor, Author, Singer, Composer, and finally Circus performer. He certainly had a pleasant way of disposing of all rivals and of silencing every adverse critic by the simple process of instantaneous decapitation. Don't most of us envy him such a power? The man who hadn't sense enough in his head to appland his Emperor was evidently unfit to have a head at all, and consequently off it went. This Imperial Histrion's name was NERO. A most accomplished scoundrel; but he did not effect much towards "elevating the Drama," or raising "the social status of the Actor," which social status is, and always will be, just exactly what the Artist, be he Actor, Painter, Composer, or Author, may choose to make it for himself.

BRITISH BABOOS.

IT is a notorious fact that, for some mysterious reason or other, the gentleman who represented the *Times* at Calcutta, no less than his Editorial employer, who directs the destinies of that frisky but unfathomable journal in Printing House Square assumed a painfully gloomy, and, on several occasions, a really depressingly ill-tempered attitude towards the late Viceroy of India. This, however, was chiefly noticeable during the period of his able and successful administration of the duties of his office, for, beyond indulging in a little natural yelp now and then at his Lordship's heels, the leading journal has, since Lord RIPON's return to this country, treated him with a sufficient, if sulky respect. This is, of course, as it should be, for the *Times* is—well, the *Times*. But why should somebody, signing himself "J. M. MACLEAN," have anything to say on the subject? Who is Mr. MACLEAN?

It is true that he informs the public not only that he was once a member of a Club called the "*Northbrook*," but that in a fit of chagrin with some unhappy Committee that had asked Lord RIPON to dinner, he had taken his name off the books. Still this is scarcely Imperial intelligence, and worthy of being set up in type. Even less worthy of publication is the following. Referring to the well-deserved ovation that has greeted Lord RIPON on his return to this country, Mr. MACLEAN is allowed to remark that—

"Day after day and week after week, with a wondrous self-complacency, he sings his own praises as not a statesman merely, but a hero and a saint, while the part of chorus is performed by the well-trained school of Radical politicians whose main business in life appears to be to vilify English rule and destroy English ascendency in every corner of the earth."

Coming from any influential quarter the above would be almost, if not quite impertinent. As it stands it is both humorous and harmless, being only noticeable at all as an indication of the extreme unfitness for all loyally Imperial legislation that characterises the majority of those retired dyspeptics who are highly respected—at least by each other—under the generic appellation of "Anglo-Indians." Had *Mr. Punch* time and space to spare, he would like to say a strong word or two to these self-sufficient gentlemen concerning the intellectual estimate they have formed of their brother subject of Her Most Gracious Majesty, "The Nigger." If it be "rank radicalism" to civilise, to elevate, and finally to emancipate our fellow-men from all disabilities whatever, then is *Mr. Punch*, in company with the late distinguished Viceroy of India, the very rankest of rank Radicals.

GENERAL SIR HERBERT STEWART.

Born June 30, 1843; *wounded in fight near Metemneh, January* 19, 1885; *died at Gakdul, February* 16, 1885.

YOUNG, gallant, sage in council, swift in fight,
O'er a bright day falls a too early night.
The tears that from his comrades' eyes fast fell,
In that small graveyard by the Gakdul well,
Are such a tribute to a brave man slain
As heroes live to earn, and gladly die to gain.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

HER Gracious MAJESTY addressed a few heart-stirring words to her Grenadier Guards at Windsor on the eve of their departure, and told them how confident she was that they would "ever maintain the honour and reputation of British Soldiers." In the parallel column of the *Daily Chronicle*, in which this report appeared, there was a paragraph headed "Our Warriors' Wives," informing us "that the soldiers' wives and children had been ordered out of barracks," that they had an allowance respectively of 8*d.* and 2*d.* ahead a day, and that mostly without friends or relations, they were to all intents and purposes temporarily homeless. HER Gracious MAJESTY's eyes must have lighted on this report, so that we may hope that this cruel and stupid wrong has been repaired long before these lines appear, for it would be a disgrace to us all, from the highest to the lowest, if while our Soldiers, to quote the QUEEN's words, are "maintaining the honour and reputation" of our Army abroad, we were doing nothing to maintain their wives and children at home. To know that no care would be taken of the wives, the boys, and "girls they leave behind them," would be a nice thing *pour encourager les autres.*

CRITICAL QUERY.—When Miss ANDERSON produces *The Hunchback* at the Lyceum, what view will the *Times* take of *Master Walter?*

COMPLIMENT ON OUR COLONIES.—With BISMARCK's best wishes: *Beati possidentes.*

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